

# Psychosis of the Mistress

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Summary: Based on the Nightmare House 2 mod. What was the Patient's thoughts and interaction with Emily during her possession of his body? EmilyxPatient OneShot.

## Psychosis of the Mistress

**\*\*PSYCHOSIS OF THE MISTRESS\*\***

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Welcome to my very first modification fanfic! This time, it involves the all-so-popular mod of Half-Life 2 entitled Nightmare House 2, a survival-horror game. I gotta tell you, despite Half-Life 2: Episode 2 being out for a while now, this mod just blew me away. The new and frightening elements are to die for! If you are a horror fan, you should get and play Nightmare House 2 right away! If you've already played it, you might even understand this much more.

This is a side-take involving one unexplained event in NH2. Our silent protagonist friend, according to the documents in Nightmare House 2: The Lost Files, had went insane due to Emily's possession of him at the end of NH1. A seven-month time period takes place, and the patient is forced to succumb to the hallucinatory side-effects of Emily's possession while in cell detention. The reason that Emily is doing so is simply to prevent him from falling victim to Dr. Romero's Core machine. However, that is never fully delved into. So this story was created to (hopefully) fill in that particular blank and support the possible developing relationship between Emily and the unnamed protagonist.

That being said, I really hope you enjoy this first (but certainly final) Nightmare House 2 fanfic. Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p>Men aren't supposed to cry.<p>

That's what I was always taught. That's how everyone else saw it. Men were supposed to be the strong ones, the backbone of the force that was used to conflict and danger. They were responsible for protecting the females, which proved to be constant targets of the ones that opposed us. Weak or strong, smart or dumb, pretty or ugly... they were all seen as a weak species, something that was manifested only to please the sins of evil men. The masculine population who were against this served as femininity's protectors, the ones determined to preserve the innocence. It was an eternal battle, with purity hanging in the balance.

Who was the first person to implement this idea into the people? Who was the first person that allowed this stereotypical nature to integrate itself into the generations? It had to be some sort of religious freak who glorified the hand of God and claimed to speak directly from the overlord himself. People such as them had a tendency to use divine right as an excuse to step on hapless victims. Yet, in the majority of my life, I was taught that very thing from my peers, my parents, and the foundation of my life itself. It was spread through the literature I read, the media I observed and listened to. It might have not been direct in some cases... but it was definitely a nail that had embedded itself in the coffin of society.

I look up this man-made concept with my man-made eyes.

Then I turn my cadaverous, sightless gaze to my own world.

If I had a voice...

If this situation would've allowed for it...

I would be laughing.

The people who have spoken the words of a dominatrix must have failed to realize the true challenge to their statement. They live easy lives under the power of the trained fire sticks, comfortable that they do not have to take up the burden of reacting under danger. I was, and still am, one of those people. If I was still among them, I would've easily fit in, continuing to believe their lies and feeding off of them like a tapeworm. Would that have been a better choice? At the very least, I would have the guilty pleasure of having someone to blame it on. But, the truth remains: \_I \_was the one who had crashed my truck into that obstructing pole. \_I \_was the one who had stepped foot into that abandoned house.

And so, only I am to blame for my own tears.

That is why I am unable to laugh.

That is why I have broken their law and allowed myself to drown my eyes.

Why am I doing this, you ask? Well, let me ask you this: have you ever read The Cay? It features this boy who, due to a submarine accident, ends up stranded on an island with this old man. The boy, at first, experiences severe pain within his head because of what had happened to him. Then, as the pain fades away, so does his vision. It is not long before the boy is left completely blind and helpless, with the old man acting as a crutch. I want you to take that very

situation and plug it completely into my own.

Have that pain in his head re-manifest itself... over, and over, and over again.

Replace the voice of the old man with the tortured, agonized, and continuous screams of what was supposed to be deceased and gone forever.

There, you have my situation at hand.

Ever since they found me and threw me in here, I have lost sight of the true world around me. I have lost track of the time: has it been days? Weeks? Months? Years, even? In this world, the human concept of time has been lost to the abyss of the devil. My body is not my own anymore, and I have lost my mind to the darkness that has swallowed me completely. Has someone been entering my cell? Have they already left? I can't even tell anymore. My sentience and intelligence, my awareness of the outside... it doesn't matter anymore. All I can concentrate on is the screams of the demons in human skin that stumble towards me, attempting to use their withering bodies as weapons against my flesh. I am unable to move, unable to escape as they descend upon me with their skeletal claws. They tear at me, yet my twitching, shivering carcass is unable to fall apart under the malicious power they hold against me. I know why they do it, too; they are happy that I had ended their second life, and they have an overwhelming desire to give me the same gift.

I reach for it, the pain eventually fading away to numbness.

But just as my fingers brush the tips of its cloak, it disappears, leaving me in darkness.

The process starts all over again " and even now, as it commences, my sense of freedom slips away from my hands.

Why didn't anyone tell me that the place was abandoned? Why had everyone allowed me to step into the Hell for a home? I knew no one, and no one knew me. Yet, they all knew about it, every single one of them. It is within their nature to hide the most vital of information from the newborns of the pack. It is within the nature of society itself to allow the rookie to walk towards his or her own death without supervision or warning. They enjoy seeing me struggle, watching me writhe and cry like a woman in labor. My anger, my fear, the complete and utter despair that make up the sensations that run through me... all of it feeds their sick pleasures. My cadaverous eyes are unable to see their faces, but I know they're all laughing at me. They're laughing at the foolish mistake I made, at the fact that I had fallen into such a pitiful trap.

They all have believed that my mind has been destroyed by my own disease.

But, surprisingly, they are wrong.

I am all alone within this confinement. But, even as I lay down and shiver on the mattress floor, I can feel her presence inside of my very being. I know that she is the reason I am imprisoned. I can feel her hands clasp around the very nerves of my brain, squeezing like a vice and refusing to let go. I can feel her oppression, every

move I make a result of being pressurized under her reign. The eternal anger I should be feeling towards her is crushed, and weakness overtakes me. I am nothing but a worm squirming under the talons of a hawk who doesn't consume me. She is the reason for my insanity... and yet, she is the only thing stopping me from leaping over the edge.

She is a succubus, serving as my very own guilty pleasure out of the torment she inflicts on me.

After every nightmare, she starts at my bare legs and moves upwards. Her hand's appendages trace the surface of my skin in a slow, deliberate manner. The sensation sends a chill that reverberates down the rest of my shivering, sweating body. I realize that she is one of them " her touch is devoid of life and deathly cold. Against the heat of my own emotions, this serves as a shameful satisfaction, a sort of reward for my survival. She continues to run her fingers down the thigh, down the hip, and up the torso, the sheet they gave me as clothing unable to resist the comforting stimulation that she is giving me. As she is caressing me, I can hear her whisper words to me... but I can barely hear them. The tone of her voice mixes in smoothly with her sensual exploration.

Slowly, I relax under her. My breathing, having increased itself to the point of hyperventilation, slows itself back down in order to restore feeling to my deprived lungs. The raging, boiling river within my veins cools off. The pores of my skin are dammed back up, stopping the drops of sweat from progressing any further. The life muscle within my chest slows to a crawl again, the pain within my bosom fading away like the wind. Under her tyranny, my mind is still trapped within a tightened grasp. But under her charisma, my shell separates from it and back into reality.

And the process starts... all over again.

They said the mind can take comfort in any familiar situation... even in a familiar nightmare. Because of the prison that she has trapped me in, I am made to experience the same visions over and over again. But now that their words have seeped into my mind, I think I have begun to understand why she continues to haunt me. Now, as her hands cup my shoulders and position me against the wall, the blindness within my eyes. I cannot see her, but I know she has lost her own eyes, just like me. The lack of vision does not discourage the fact that I can feel her cold body nearly against my own. With what little control I have over my arms, I raise them up to wrap around her waist to bring her closer. She is surprised, no doubt " but I don't care.

She has the ability to restore my vision.

She has the power to cure my pain.

I \_want \_her.

As my hands run across her back, goosebumps forming on the skin, she understands my unspoken question. She allows herself to lean towards me, and I do the same. Her lips press against my own, wracking my mind with electrifying shocks that spread through me like wildfire. It is like nothing I have ever imagined, the terrible nightmares a far cry away from me. My motives are selfish, and I know she is aware

of this. But, none of us care enough to part away. This is one of the moments where my heart is at ease, where I am able to find that very comfort in the nightmare in her.

The moment passes, and I hear \_his \_voice.

"Same as it always was, isn't it?"

Anger surges within her, a terrifying aura surging through my prison. Yet, I am not afraid. She parts from me, slowly allowing herself to stand and back away from me. I can feel her fade away as he continues to speak.

"The mind just keeps sending you back..."

Slowly, my world descends back into darkness. Only this time, there is no pain, no nightmare. I feel my senses returning to me, my soul climbing the cliffside and returning to the surface. I relished every moment of it, for I understood what she had showed me, as well as what was going to come to me.

"It's...interesting how the mind can find comfort in any familiar situation. Even in a familiar nightmare..."

\_He \_understands my pain.

"Wake up. It's time for the real nightmare to begin."

\_She \_holds the key to my freedom.

\_She\_ is waiting on the other side.

And I?

\_I\_ will be there with her as she ends his life.

End  
file.